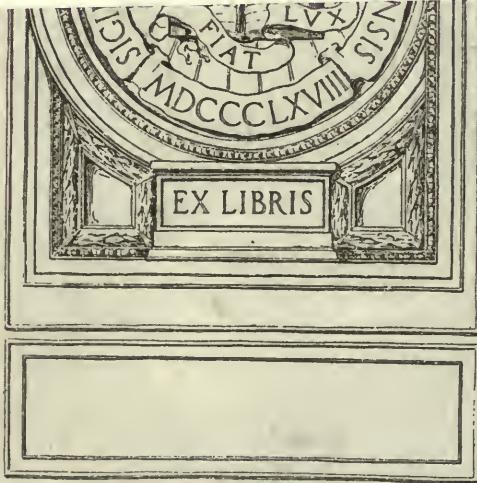


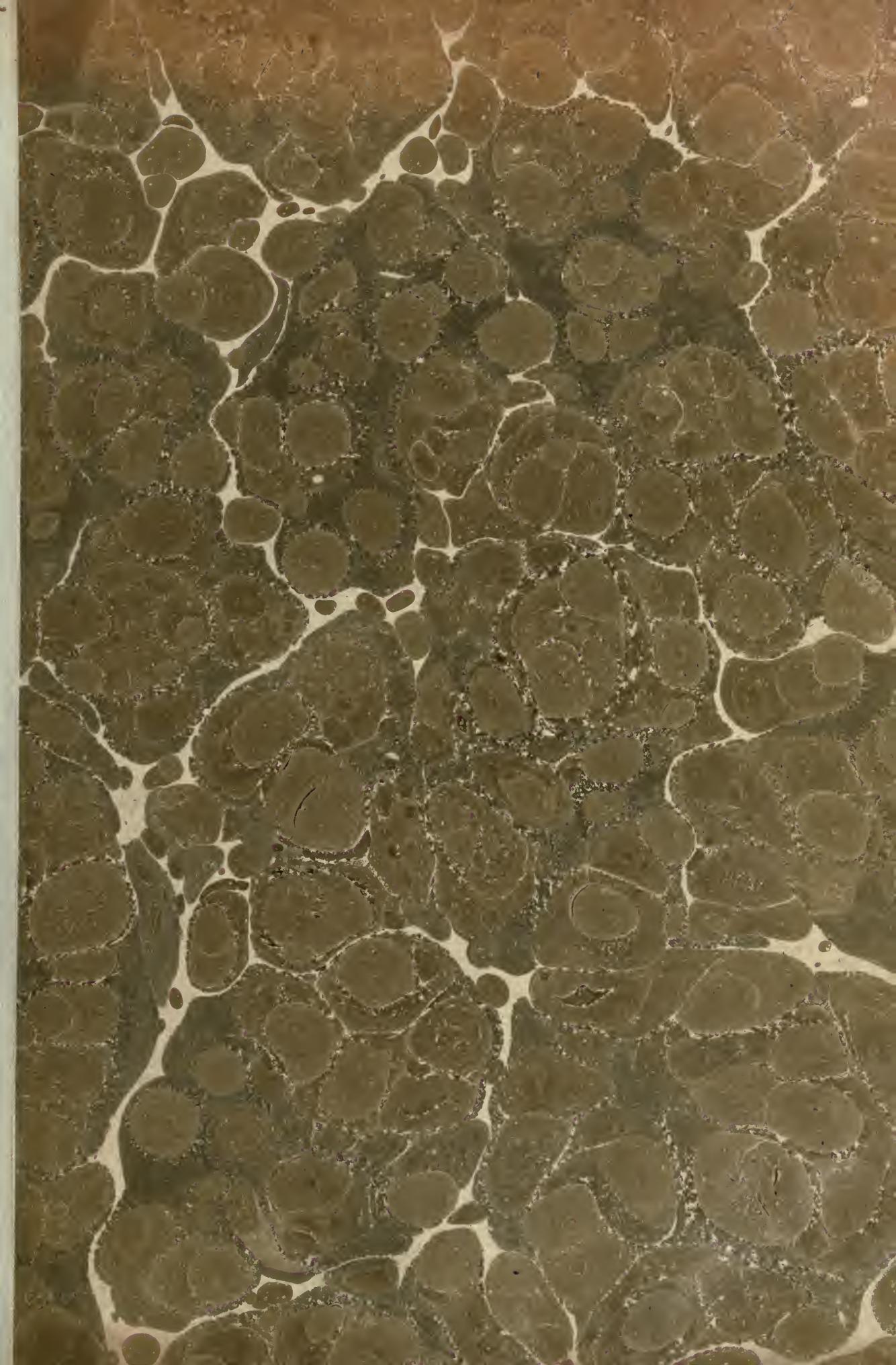
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CHARACTERS
UPON
ESSAYS, MORAL AND DIVINE.

BY NICHOLAS BRETON.

FROM THE EDITION OF 1615.

AND

THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

FROM THE EDITION OF 1616.

LONDON:

From the Private Press

OF

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.

PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

1815.

Advertisement.

NICHOLAS BRETON was a prolific writer of small pieces of poetry and prose in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. Very little is known of this ingenious author: the few notices, that have been collected of him, may be found in Percy's Ballads, Ellis's Specimens, the new edition of Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*, and the reprint of England's *Helicon*. One of his poems was last year reprinted at the Lee Priory press; and another, *The Melancholike Humours*, is announced from that press.

The two prose tracts here reprinted, are not perhaps of any peculiar intrinsic interest; but they form part of a series of specimens of the popular literature of the period when they first appeared, and on that account have been selected as valuable matter towards filling up the design which the *ARCHAICA* proposes to complete.

The pedantry and quaintness of these epigrammatic delineations are, it must be confessed, little suited to the Editor's taste.

February 23, 1815.

CHARACTERS
UPON
ESSAYS, MORAL AND DIVINE,

WRITTEN FOR
Those good Spirits
THAT
WILL TAKE THEM IN GOOD PART,

AND
MAKE USE OF THEM TO GOOD PURPOSE.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY EDW. GRIFFIN, FOR JOHN GWILLIM; AND ARE TO BE SOLD
AT HIS SHOP IN BRITAINES-BURSE.

1615.

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TO

THE HONOURABLE AND MY MUCH WORTHY, HONOURED, TRULY LEARNED, AND
JUDICIOUS KNIGHT,

SIR FRANCIS BACON,

HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL,

INCREASE OF HONOUR, HEALTH, AND ETERNAL HAPPINESS.



ORTHY Knight, I have read of many Essays, and a kind of Charactering of them, by such, as when I looked into the form or nature of their writing, I have been of the conceit, that they were but imitators of your breaking the ice to their inventions; which, how short they fall of your worth, I had rather think than speak, though Truth need not blush at her blame. Now, for myself, unworthy to touch near the rock of those diamonds, or to speak in their praise, who so far exceed the power of my capacity, vouchsafe me leave yet, I beseech you, among those apes that would counterfeit the actions of men, to play the like part with learning; and as a monkey, that would make a face

like a man, and cannot, so to write like a scholar, and am not: and thus not daring to adventure the print under your patronage, without your favourable allowance, in the devoted service of my bounden duty, I leave these poor travails of my spirit to the perusing of your pleasing leisure, with the further fruits of my humble affection, to the happy employment of your honourable pleasure.

At your service,

In all humbleness,

NICH. BRETON.

TO THE READER.



EAD what you list, and understand what you can : Characters are not every man's construction, though they be writ in our mother tongue; and what I have written being of no other nature, if they fit not your humour, they may please a better. I make no comparison, because I know you not; but if you will vouchsafe to look into them, it may be you may find something in them: their natures are diverse, as you may see, if your eyes be open; and if you can make use of them to good purpose, your wits may prove the better. In brief, fearing the fool will be put upon me, for being too busy with matters too far above my understanding, I will leave my imperfection to pardon, or correction, and my labour to their liking, that will not think ill of a well meaning, and so rest,

Your well-willing friend,

N. B

COMMENDATORY POEMS.

Who reads this book with a judicious eye,
 Will in true judgment true discretion try;
 Where words and matter, close and sweetly couch'd,
 Do shew how truth, wit, art, and nature touch'd.
 What need more words these Characters to praise?
 They are the true charactering of Essays.

I. R.

In words of worth to speak of these Essays,
 Let this suffice, the work itself will praise.

C. N.

SOME have an humour, that to discommend
 They know themselves, they know not how to mend:
 Other correct what they do think amiss,
 While in their own conceit the error is.
 But true judicious wits, and honest minds,
 Will give their censure in some better kinds:
 And say but truth, that cannot be mistook,
 Wit hath well labour'd learning in this book.

R. B.

Ad Authorem.

HE that shall read thy characters, Nic. Breton,
 And weigh them well, must say they are well written.
 They taste the lamp: much reading, observation,
 Art, matter, wit, all worthy commendation.
 Some weave their lines of such a slender thread,
 They will not last so long as to be read;
 Thou hast so spun, so weav'd thy words, thy lines,
 They please us most, being viewed a hundred times.

W. D.

In laudem operis.

WORDS are the pencils, whereby drawn we find
 The picture of the inward man, the mind:
 Such thoughts, such words; such words, such is the man.
 Say, is this spirit a Plebeian,
 That, like the singing lark, doth mount so high,
 We cannot reach them with an earthly eye?

W. P.

WHILE I essay to character this book,
 And these charactered Essays o'erlook,
 I herein find few words great worth involve,
 A Lipsian style, terse phrase; and so resolve,
 That as a stone's best valued, and best prized,
 When best 'tis known, so this, when best revised.

I. B.

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CHARACTERS.

Wisdom.



ISDOM is a working grace in the souls of the Elect; by whom the spirit is made capable of those secrets, that neither nature nor reason is able to comprehend: who, by a powerful virtue she hath from the divine essence, worketh in all things according to the will of the Almighty; and, being before beginning, shall exceed time in an eternal proceeding. She is a light in the intellectual part, by which Reason is led to direct the senses in their due course, and Nature is preserved from subjecting herself to imperfection. In the creation, she was of counsel with the Trinity, in the pleasing of the Deity; in the redemption, the inventor of mercy, for the preservation of the Elect; and in the glorification, the treasurer of life, for the reward of the faithful; who having committed to her care the carriage of the whole motion, finding the disposition of earth in all the children of her womb, by such a measure, as she finds fitting their quality, she gives them either the grace of nature, or the glory of reason: while being the Mother of the Graces, she gives them that holy instruction, that, in the knowledge of the highest love, through the paths of virtue, makes a passage to heaven. Learning hath from

her that knowledge, without the which all knowledge is mere ignorance; while, only in the grace of Truth, is seen the glory of understanding. Knowledge hath from her that learning, whereby she is taught the direction of her love in the way of life: Understanding hath from her that knowledge that keeps conceit always in the spirits' comfort: and Judgment, from understanding that rule of justice, that by the even weight of impartiality shews the hand of heaven in the heart of humanity. In the heavens she keeps the angels in their orders, teacheth them the natures of their offices, and employs them in the service of their Creator: in the firmament she walks among the stars, sets and keeps them in their places, courses, and operations; at her pleasure she eclipseth the light, and in a moment leaves not a cloud in the sky: in her thunders and lightnings she shews the terror of the Highest's wrath, and in her temperate calms the patience of his mercy: in her frosty winters she shews the weakness of Nature, and in her sunny springs the recovery of her health: in the lovers of this world lives no part of her pureness, but with her beloved she makes a heaven upon earth. In the king she shews her grace, in his counsel her care, and in his state her strength. In the soldier she shews virtue, the truest valour; in the lawyer truth, the honour of his plea; in the merchant conscience, the wealth of his soul; and in the churchman charity, the true fruit of his devotion. She lives in the world, but not the world's love, for the world's unworthiness is not capable of her worth: she receiveth mammon, as a gift from his Maker, and makes him serve her use to his glory: she gives honour grace in bounty, and manageth wit by the care of discretion: she shews the necessity of difference, and wherein is the happiness of unity: she puts her labour to Providence, her hope to patience, her life to her love, and her love to her Lord, with whom, as chief secretary of his secrets, she writes his will to the world, and as high steward of his courts, she keeps account of all his tenants. In sum, so great is her

grace in the heavens, as gives her glory above the earth, and so infinite are her excellencies in all the course of her action, and so glorious are the notes of her incomprehensible nature, that I will thus only conclude, far short of her commendation,—she is God's love, and his angels' light, his servants' grace, and his beloved's glory.

Learning.

LEARNING is the life of Reason, and the light of Nature, where Time, Order, and Measure, square out the true course of knowledge; where Discretion, in the temper of passion, brings experience to the best fruit of affection, while both the theoretic, and the practic, labour in the life of judgment, till the perfection of art shew the honour of understanding. She is the key of knowledge, that unlocketh the cabinet of conceit, wherein are laid up the labours of virtue for the use of the scholars of wisdom; where every gracious spirit may find matter enough worthy of the record of the best memory. She is the nurse of nature, with that milk of reason that would make a child of grace never lie from the dug: she is the schoolmistress of wit, and the gentle governor of will, when the delight of understanding gives the comfort of study. She is unpleasing to none that knows her, and unprofitable to none that loves her: she fears not to wet her feet to wade through the waters of comfort, but comes not near the seas of iniquity, where folly drowns affection in the delight of vanity. She opens her treasures to the travailers in virtue, but keeps them close from the eyes of idleness: she makes the king gracious, and his council judicious, his clergy devout, and his kingdom prosperous: she gives honour to virtue, grace to honour, reward to labour, and love to truth. She is messenger of wisdom to the minds of the virtuous, and the way to honour in the spirits of the gracious: she is the storehouse of

understanding, where the affection of grace cannot want instruction of goodness, while in the rules of her directions reason is never out of square. She is the exercise of wit in the application of knowledge, and the preserver of the understanding in the practice of memory: in brief, she makes age honourable, and youth admirable, the virtuous wise, and the wise gracious; her libraries are infinite, her lessons without number, her instruction without comparison, and her scholars without equality. In brief, finding it a labyrinth to go through the grounds of her praise, let this suffice, that in all ages she hath been, and ever will be, the darling of wisdom, the delight of wit, the study of virtue, and the stay of knowledge.

Knowledge.

KNOWLEDGE is a collection of understanding, gathered in the grounds of learning by the instruction of wisdom. She is the exercise of memory in the actions of the mind, and the employer of the senses in the will of the spirit: she is the notary of time, and the trier of truth, and the labour of the spirit in the love of virtue: she is the pleasure of wit, and the paradise of reason, where conceit gathereth the sweet of understanding. She is the king's counsellor, and the council's grace, youth's guard, and age's glory. It is free from doubts, and fears no danger, while the care of Providence cuts off the cause of repentance: she is the enemy of idleness, and the maintainer of labour in the care of credit and pleasure of profit: she needs no advice in the resolution of action, while experience in observation finds perfection infallible. It clears errors, and cannot be deceived; corrects impurity, and will not be corrupted. She hath a wide ear and a close mouth; a pure eye and a perfect heart: it is begotten by grace, bred by virtue, brought up by learning, and maintained by love: she converseth with the

best capacities, and communicates with the soundest judgments, dwells with the divinest natures, and loves the most patient dispositions. Her hope is a kind of assurance, her faith a continual expectation, her love an apprehension of joy, and her life the light of eternity: her labours are infinite, her ways are unsearchable, her graces incomparable, and her excellencies inexplicable. And therefore, being so little acquainted with her worth, as makes me blush at my unworthiness to speak in the least of her praise, I will only leave her advancement to virtue, her honour to wisdom, her grace to truth, and to eternity her glory.

Practice.

PRACTICE is the motion of the spirit, where the senses are all set to work in their natures; where, in the fittest employment of time, reason maketh the best use of understanding. She is the continuance of knowledge in the ease of memory, and the honour of resolution in the effect of judgment. She plants the spring, and reaps the harvest, makes labour sweet, and patience comfortable: she hath a foot on the earth, but an eye at heaven, where the prayer of faith finds the felicity of the soul: in the fruit of charity she shews the nature of devotion, and in the mercy of justice the glory of government. She gives time honour in the fruit of action, and reason grace in the application of knowledge: she takes the height of the sun, walks about the world, sounds the depth of the sea, and makes her passage through the waters. She is ready for all occasions, attendeth all persons, works with all instruments, and finisheth all actions: she takes invention for her teacher, makes time her servant, method her direction, and place her habitation: she hath a wakeful eye, and a working brain, which fits the members of the body to the service of the spirit. She is the physician's

agent, and the apothecary's benefactor, the chirurgeon's wealth, and the patient's patience: she brings time to labour, and care to contentment, learning to knowledge, and virtue to honour: in idleness she hath no pleasure, nor acquaintance with ignorance, but in industry is her delight, and in understanding her grace. She hath a passage through all the predicaments, she hath a hand in all the arts, a property in all professions, and a quality in all conditions: In brief, so many are the varieties of the manners of her proceedings, as makes me fearful to follow her too far in observation, lest, being never able to come near the height of her commendation, I be enforced, as I am, to leave her wholly to admiration.

Patience.

PATIENCE is a kind of heavenly tenure, whereby the soul is held in possession, and a sweet temper in the spirit, which restraineth nature from exceeding reason in passion. Her hand keeps time in his right course, and her eye pierceth into the depth of understanding: she attendeth wisdom in all her works, and proportioneth time to the necessity of matter: she is the poison of sorrow in the hope of comfort, and the paradise of conceit in the joy of peace: her tongue speaks seldom, but to purpose, and her foot goeth slowly, but surely. She is the imitator of the Incomprehensible in his passage to perfection, and a servant of his will in the map of his workmanship: in confusion she hath no operation, while she only carrieth her conceit with the consideration of experience: she travels far and is never weary, and gives over no work but to better a beginning: she makes the king merciful, and the subject loyal, honour gracious, and wisdom glorious: she pacifieth wrath, and puts off revenge, and, in the humility of charity, shews the nature of grace. She is beloved of the Highest, and embraced

of the wisest, honoured with the worthiest, and graced with the best: she makes imprisonment liberty, when the mind goeth through the world; and in sickness finds health, where death is the way to life: she is an enemy to passion, and knows no purgatory; thinks fortune a fiction, and builds only upon Providence: she is the sick man's salve, and the whole man's preserver; the wise man's staff, and the good man's guide. In sum, not to wade too far in her worthiness, lest I be drowned in the depth of wonder, I will thus end in her endless honour,—she is the grace of Christ, and the virtue of Christianity, the praise of goodness, and the preserver of the world.

Love.

LOVE is the life of nature, and the joy of reason, in the spirit of grace, where virtue, drawing affection, the concord of sense, makes an union unseparable in the divine apprehension of the joy of Election: it is a ravishment of the soul in the delight of the spirit, which, being carried above itself into inexplicable comfort, feels that heavenly sickness that is better than the world's health, when the wisest of men, in the swounding delight of his sacred inspiration, could thus utter the sweetness of his passion, *My soul is sick of love.* It is a healthful sickness in the soul, a pleasing passion in the heart, a contentive labour in the mind, and a peaceful trouble of the senses: it alters natures in contrarieties, when difficulty is made easy, pain made a pleasure, poverty riches, and imprisonment liberty; for the content of conceit, which regards not to be an abject, in being subject, but to an object: it rejoiceth in truth, and knows no inconstancy: it is free from jealousy, and feareth no fortune: it breaks the rule of arithmetic by confounding of number, where the conjunction of thoughts make one mind in two bodies,

where neither figure nor cipher can make division of union: it sympathies with life, and participates with light, when the eye of the mind sees the joy of the heart: it is a predominant power, which endures no equality, and yet communicates with reason in the rules of concord: it breeds safety in a king, and peace in a kingdom, nation's unity, and nature's gladness: it sings in labour in the joy of hope, and makes a paradise in reward of desert: it pleads but mercy in the justice of the Almighty, and but mutual amity in the nature of humanity. In sum, having no eagle's eye to look upon the sun, and fearing to look too high for fear of a chip in mine eye, I will in these few words speak in praise of this peerless virtue,—Love is the grace of nature, and the glory of reason, the blessing of God, and the comfort of the world.

Peace.

PEACE is a balm in conceit, where the senses take pleasure in the rest of the spirit. It is nature's holiday after reason's labour, and wisdom's music in the concords of the mind: it is a blessing of grace, a bounty of mercy, a proof of love, and a preserver of life: it holds no arguments, knows no quarrels, is an enemy to sedition, and a continuance of amity: it is the root of plenty, the tree of pleasure, the fruit of love, and the sweetness of life: it is like the still night, where all things are at rest, and the quiet sleep, where dreams are not troublesome; or the resolved point, in the perfection of knowledge, where no cares nor doubts make controversies in opinion: it needs no watch where is no fear of enemy, nor Solicitor of causes where agreements are concluded: it is the intent of law, and the fruit of justice; the end of war, and the beginning of wealth: it is a grace in a court, and a glory in a kingdom; a blessing in a family, and a happiness in a commonwealth: it fills the

rich man's coffers, and feeds the poor man's labour; it is the wise man's study, and the good man's joy: who love it are gracious, who make it are blessed, who keep it are happy, and who break it are miserable: it hath no dwelling with idolatry, nor friendship with falsehood; for her life is in truth, and in her, all is amen. But lest in the justice of peace I may rather be reproved for my ignorance of her worth, than thought worthy to speak in her praise, with this only conclusion in the commendation of peace, I will draw to an end, and hold my peace:—it was a message of joy at the birth of Christ, a song of joy at the embracement of Christ, an assurance of joy at the death of Christ, and shall be the fulness of joy at the coming of Christ.

War.

WAR is a scourge of the wrath of God, which, by famine, fire, or sword, humbleth the spirits of the repentant; trieth the patience of the faithful, and hardeneth the hearts of the ungodly; it is the misery of Time, and the terror of Nature; the dispeopling of the earth, and the ruin of her beauty: her life is action, her food blood, her honour valour, and her joy conquest. She is valour's exercise, and honour's adventure; reason's trouble, and peace's enemy: she is the stout man's love, and the weak man's fear; the poor man's toil, and the rich man's plague: she is the armourer's benefactor, and the chirurgeon's agent; the coward's ague, and the desperate's overthrow. She is the wish of envy, the plague of them that wish her, the shipwreck of life, and the agent of death. The best of her is, that she is the seasoner of the body, and the manager of the mind, for the enduring of labour, in the resolution of action: she thunders in the air, rips up the earth, cuts through the seas, and consumes with the fire: she is indeed the invention of malice, the work of mischief, the music of hell, and the dance of the devil: she

makes the end of youth untimely, and of age wretched, the city's sack, and the country's beggary : she is the captain's pride, and the captive's sorrow ; the throat of blood, and the grave of flesh : she is the woe of the world, the punishment of sin, the passage of danger, and the messenger of destruction : she is the wise man's warning, and the fool's payment ; the godly man's grief, and the wicked man's game. In sum ; so many are her wounds, so mortal her cures, so dangerous her course, and so devilish her devices, that I will wade no further in her rivers of blood, but only thus conclude in her description :—she is God's curse, and man's misery ; hell's practice, and earth's hell.

Valour.

VALOUR is a virtue in the spirit which keeps the flesh in subjection, resolves without fear, and travails without fainting : she vows no villainy, nor breaks her fidelity ; she is patient in captivity, and pitiful in conquest : her gain is honour, and desert her mean ; fortune her scorn, and folly her hate : wisdom is her guide, and conquest her grace ; clemency her praise, and humility her glory : she is youth's ornament, and age's honour ; nature's blessing, and virtue's love : her life is resolution, and her love victory ; her triumph truth, and her fame virtue : her arms are from antiquity, and her coat full of honour, where the title of grace hath her heraldry from heaven : she makes a walk of war, and a sport of danger ; an ease of labour, and a jest of death : she makes famine but abstinence, want but a patience, sickness but a purge, and death a puff : she is the maintainer of war, the general of an army, the terror of an enemy, and the glory of a camp : she is the nobleness of the mind, and the strength of the body ; the life of hope, and the death of fear : with a handful of men she overthrows a

multitude, and with a sudden amazement she discomfits a camp: she is the revenge of wrong, and the defence of right; religion's champion, and virtue's choice. In brief, let this suffice in her commendation:—she strengthened David, and conquered Goliah; she overthrows her enemies, and conquers herself.

Resolution.

RESOLUTION is the honour of valour in the quarrel of virtue, for the defence of right and redress of wrong: she beats the march, pitcheth the battle, plants the ordnance, and maintains the fight: her ear is stopt from dissuasions, her eye aims only at honour, her hand takes the sword of valour, and her heart thinks of nothing but victory: she gives the charge, makes the stand, assaults the fort, and enters the breach: she breaks the pikes, faceth the shot, damps the soldier, and defeats the army: she loseth no time, slips no occasion, dreads no danger, and cares for no force: she is valour's life, and virtue's love; justice, honour, and mercy's glory: she beats down castles, fires ships, wades through the sea, and walks through the world: she makes wisdom her guide, and will her servant; reason her companion, and honour her mistress: she is a blessing in nature, and a beauty in reason; a grace in invention, and a glory in action: she studies no plots when her platform is set down, and defers no time when her hour is prefixed: she stands upon no helps when she knows her own force; and in the execution of her will she is a rock irremoveable: she is the king's will without contradiction, and the judge's doom without exception; the scholar's profession without alteration, and the soldier's honour without comparison: in sum, so many are the grounds of her grace, and the just causes of her commendation, that, leaving her worth to the description of better wits, I will in these few words

conclude my conceit of her:—she is the stoutness of the heart, and the strength of the mind; a gift of God, and the glory of the world.

Honour.

HONOUR is a title of grace, given by the spirit of virtue to the desert of valour, in the defence of truth: it is wronged in baseness; and abused in unworthiness; endangered in wantonness, and lost in wickedness: it nourisheth art; and crowneth wit; graceth learning, and glorifieth wisdom: in the heraldry of heaven it hath the richest coat, being in nature allied unto all the houses of grace, which, in the heaven of heavens, attend the King of kings: her escutcheon is a heart, in which, in the shield of faith, she bears on the anchor of hope the helmet of salvation: she quarters with wisdom in the resolution of valour, and in the line of charity she is of the house of justice: her supporters are time and patience, her mantle truth, and her crest Christ treading upon the globe of the world; her impress, *Corona mea, Christus*. In brief, finding her state so high that I am not able to climb unto the praise of her perfection, I will leave her royalty to the register of most princely spirits, and in my humble heart thus only deliver my opinion of her:—she is virtue's due, and grace's gift; valour's wealth, and reason's joy.

Truth.

TRUTH is the glory of time, and the daughter of eternity; a title of the highest grace, and a note of divine nature: she is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom; she is the beauty of valour, the brightness of honour, the blessing of reason, and the joy of faith: her truth is pure gold, her

time is right precious, her word is most gracious, and her will is most glorious: her essence is in God, and her dwelling with his servants; her will in his wisdom, and her work to his glory: she is honoured in love, and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved: she is the angel's worship, the virgin's fame; the saint's bliss, and the martyr's crown: she is the king's greatness, and his council's goodness; his subjects' peace, and his kingdom's praise: she is the life of learning, and the light of the law; the honour of trade, and the grace of labour: she hath a pure eye, a plain hand, a piercing wit, and a perfect heart: she is wisdom's walk in the way of holiness, and takes up her rest but in the resolution of goodness: her tongue never trips, her heart never faints, her hand never fails, and her faith never fears: her church is without schism, her city without fraud, her court without vanity, and her kingdom without villainy. In sum, so infinite is her excellence in the construction of all sense, that I will thus only conclude in the wonder of her worth:—she is the nature of perfection in the perfection of nature, where God in Christ shews the glory of Christianity.

Time.

TIME is a continual motion which from the highest Mover hath his operation in all the subjects of nature, according to their quality or disposition: he is in proportion like a circle, wherein he walketh with an even passage to the point of his prefixed place: he attendeth none, and yet is a servant to all; he is the best employed by wisdom, and most abused by folly: he carrieth both the sword and the sceptre for the use both of justice and mercy: he is present in all invention, and cannot be spared from action: he is the treasury of graces in the memory of the wise, and brings them forth to the world upon necessity of their use: he openeth the

windows of heaven to give light unto the earth, and spreads the cloak of the night to cover the rest of labour: he closeth the eye of nature, and waketh the spirit of reason; he travelleth through the mind, and is visible but to the eye of understanding: he is swifter than the wind, and yet as still as a stone; precious in his right use, but perilous in the contrary: he is soon found of the careful soul, and quickly missed in the want of his comfort; he is soon lost in the lack of employment, and not to be recovered without a world of endeavour: he is the true man's peace, and the thief's perdition; the good man's blessing, and the wicked man's curse: he is known to be, but his being unknown: but only in his being, in a being above knowledge: he is a riddle not to be read but in the circumstance of description; his name better known than his nature; and he that maketh best use of him, hath the best understanding for him: he is like the study of the philosopher's stone, where a man may see wonders, and yet short of his expectation: he is at the invention of war, arms the soldier, maintains the quarrel, and makes the peace: he is the courtier's playfellow, and the soldier's schoolmaster; the lawyer's gain, and the merchant's hope: his life is motion, and his love action; his honour patience, and his glory perfection: he masketh modesty, and blusheth virginity; honoureth humility, and graceth charity. In sum, finding it a world to walk through the wonder of his worth, I will thus briefly deliver what I find truly of him:—he is the agent of the living, and the register of the dead; the direction of God, and a great work-master in the world.

Death.

DEATH is the ordinance of God for the subjecting of the world, which is limited his time for the correction of pride: in his

substance he is nothing, being but only a deprivation, and in his true description a name without a nature: he is seen but in a picture, heard but in a tale, feared but in a passion, and felt but in a pinch: he is a terror but to the wicked, and a scarecrow but to the foolish; but to the wise a way of comfort, and to the godly the gate to life: he is the ease of pain, and the end of sorrow; the liberty of the imprisoned, and the joy of the faithful: it is both the wound of sin, and the wages of sin; the sinner's fear, and the sinner's doom. He is the sexton's agent, and the hangman's revenue; the rich man's dirge, and the mourner's merry day. He is a course of time, but uncertain till he come, and welcome but to such as are weary of their lives: it is a message from the physician when the patient is past cure; and if the writ be well made, it is a *supra¹ sedeas* for all diseases: it is the heaven's stroke, and the earth's steward; the follower of sickness, and the forerunner to hell. In sum, having no pleasure to ponder too much of the power of it, I will thus conclude my opinion of it:—it is a sting of sin, and the terror of the wicked; the crown of the godly, the stair of vengeance, and a stratagem of the devil.

Faith.

FAITH is the hand of the soul, which layeth hold of the promises of Christ in the mercy of the Almighty: she hath a bright eye, and a holy ear; a clear heart, and a sure foot: she is the strength of hope, the trust of truth, the honour of amity, and the joy of love: she is rare among the sons of men, and hardly found among the daughters of women; but among the sons of God she is a conveyance of their inheritance, and among the daughters of grace she is the assurance of their portions: her dwelling is in

¹ Sic in Orig.

the church of God, her conversation with the saints of God, her delight with the beloved of God, and her life is in the love of God: she knows no falsehood, distrusts no truth, breaks no promise, and coins no excuse; but as bright as the sun, as swift as the wind, as sure as the rock, and as pure as the gold, she looks towards heaven, but lives in the world, in the souls of the elect; to the glory of election: she was wounded in Paradise by a dart of the devil, and healed of her hurt by the death of Christ Jesus: she is the poor man's credit, and the rich man's praise; the wise man's care, and the good man's cognizance. In sum, finding her worth in words hardly to be expressed, I will in these few words only deliver my opinion of her:—she is God's blessing, and man's bliss; reason's comfort, and virtue's glory.

Fear.

FEAR is a fruit of sin, which drove the first father of our flesh from the presence of God, and hath read an imperfection in a number of the worse part of his posterity: it is the disgrace of nature, the foil of reason, the maim of wit, and the slur of understanding: it is the palsy of the spirit, where the soul wanteth faith, and the badge of a coward that cannot abide the sight of a sword: it is weakness in nature, and a wound in patience; the death of hope, and the entrance into despair: it is children's awe, and fool's amazement; a worm in conscience, and a curse to wickedness. In brief, it makes the coward stagger, the liar stammer, the thief stumble, and the traitor start: it is a blot in arms, a blur in honour, the shame of a soldier, and the defeat of an army.

F I N I S.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD;

OR,

DESCRIPTIONS

OF THE

Worthies and Unworthies of this Age:

WHERE

THE BEST MAY SEE THEIR GRACES, AND THE WORST DISCERN
THEIR BASENESS.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY GEORGE PURSLOWE FOR JOHN BUDGE, AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT THE GREAT
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1616.

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2000-01-00000000

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TO
THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND WORTHY,

SIR GILBERT HOUGHTON,
OF HOUGHTON, KNIGHT;

THE NOBLE FAVOURER OF ALL VIRTUOUS SPIRITS; HIGHEST POWER OF HEAVEN GRANT THE
BLESSING OF ALL HAPPINESS TO HIS WORTHY HEARTS DESIRE.

WORTHY KNIGHT,



HE worthiness of this subject, in which is set down the difference of light and darkness, in the nature of honour and disgrace, to the deservers of either, hath made me (upon the note of the nobleness of your spirit) like the eagle, still looking towards the sun, to present to your patience the patronage of this little Treatise of the Worthies and Unworthies of this Age:

wherein, I hope, you will find some things to your content, nothing to the contrary; which leaving to the acceptance of your good favour, with my further service to your command, I humbly rest,

Your Worship's devoted,

to be commanded,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

TO THE READER.



AM sure that if you read through this book, you will find your description in one place or other: if among the Worthies, hold you where you are, and change not your card for a worse: if among the other, mend that is amiss, and all will be well. I name you not, for I know you not; but I will wish the best, because the worst is too bad: I hope there will nobody be angry, except it be with himself, for somewhat that he finds out of order; if it be so, the hope is the greater, the bad will be no worse: yet the world being at such a pass, that living creatures are scarcely known from pictures till they move, nor wise men from fools till they speak, nor artists from bunglers till they work, I will only wish the worthy their worth, and the contrary what may mend their condition; and for myself but pardon for my presumption, writing upon the natures of more worth than I am worthy to write of, and favourable acceptation of no worthy intention of reprobation, by the least thought of malicious disposition. So leaving my book to your best like, with my better labours to the like effect, in hope to find you among the Worthies, I rest,

At your command, if worthy,

N. B.

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THE GOOD AND THE BAD;

OR,

DESCRIPTION OF THE WORTHIES AND UNWORTHIES OF THIS AGE.

A WORTHY KING.



WORTHY king is a figure of God, in the nature of government: he is the chief of men, and the church's champion, nature's honour, and earth's majesty: is the director of law, and the strength of the same, the sword of justice and the sceptre of mercy, the glass of grace, and the eye of honour, the terror of treason, and the life of loyalty. His command is general, and his power absolute, his frown a death, and his favour a life, his charge is his subjects, his care their safety, his pleasure their peace, and his joy their love; he is not to be paralleled, because he is without equality, and the prerogative of his crown must not be contradicted: he is the Lord's anointed, and therefore must not be touched; and the head of a public body, and therefore must be preserved. He is a scourge of sin, and a blessing of grace; God's vicegerent over his people, and under him supreme

governor: his safety must be his council's care, his health his subjects' prayer, his pleasure his peers' comfort, and his content his kingdom's gladness: his presence must be reverenced, his person attended, his court adorned, and his state maintained; his bosom must not be searched, his will not disobeyed, his wants not unsupplied, nor his place unregarded. In sum, he is more than a man, though not a God, and next under God to be honoured above man.

AN UNWORTHY KING.

AN unworthy king is the usurper of power, where tyranny in authority loseth the glory of majesty, while the fear of terror frighteth love from obedience: for when the lion plays the wolf, the lamb dies with the ewe. He is a messenger of worth to be the scourge of sin, or the trial of patience, in the hearts of the religious: he is a warrant of woe, in the execution of his fury, and in his best temper, a doubt of grace; he is a dispeopler of his kingdom, and a prey to his enemies, an undelightful friend, and a tormentor of himself: he knows no God, but makes an idol of nature, and useth reason but to the ruin of sense: his care is but his will, his pleasure but his ease, his exercise but sin, and his delight but inhuman; his heaven is his pleasure, and his gold is his God: his presence is terrible, his countenance horrible, his words uncomfortable, and his actions intolerable. In sum, he is the foil of a crown, the disgrace of a court, the trouble of a council, and the plague of a kingdom.

A WORTHY QUEEN.

A WORTHY queen is the figure of a king, who under God in his grace, hath a great power over his people. She is the chief of

women, the beauty of her court, and the grace of her sex in the royalty of her spirit. She is like the moon, that giveth light among the stars, and but unto the sun, gives none place in her brightness: She is the pure diamond upon the king's finger, and the orient pearl unprizable in his eyes, the joy of the court in the comfort of the king, and the wealth of the kingdom in the fruit of her love: she is reason's honour, in nature's grace, and wisdom's love, in virtue's beauty. In sum, she is the handmaid of God, and the king's second self, and in his grace, the beauty of a kingdom.

A WORTHY PRINCE.

A WORTHY prince is the hope of a kingdom, the richest jewel in a king's crown, and the fairest flower in the queen's garden: he is the joy of nature in the hope of honour, and the love of wisdom in the life of worthiness: in the secret carriage of his heart's intention, till his designs come to action, he is a dumb shew to the world's imagination: in his wisdom he startles the spirits of expectation; in his valour, he subjects the hearts of ambition; in his virtue, he wins the love of the noblest; and in his bounty binds the service of the most sufficient: he is the crystal glass, where nature may see her comfort, and the book of reason, where virtue may read her honour: he is the morning star, that hath light from the sun, and the blessed fruit of the tree of earth's paradise: he is the study of the wise in the state of honour, and, in the subject of learning, the history of admiration. In sum, he is, in the note of wisdom, the aim of honour, and in the honour of virtue the hope of a kingdom.

AN UNWORTHY PRINCE.

An unworthy prince is the fear of a kingdom, when will and power carry pride in impatience, in the close carriage of ambitious

intention, he is like a fearful dream to a troubled spirit: in his passionate humours he frighteth the hearts of the prudent, in the delight of vanities he loseth the love of the wise, and in the misery of avarice is served only with the needy: he is like a little mist before the rising of the sun, which, the more it grows, the less good it doth: he is the king's grief, and the queen's sorrow, the court's trouble, and the kingdom's curse. In sum, he is the seed of unhappiness, the fruit of ungodliness, the taste of bitterness, and the digestion of heaviness.

A WORTHY PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

A WORTHY privy counsellor is the pillar of a realm, in whose wisdom and care, under God and the king, stands the safety of a kingdom: he is the watch-tower to give warning of the enemy, and a hand of provision for the preservation of the state: he is an oracle in the king's ear, and a sword in the king's hand, an even weight in the balance of justice, and a light of grace in the love of truth: he is an eye of care in the course of law, a heart of love in his service of his sovereign, a mind of honour in the order of his service, and a brain of invention for the good of the commonwealth: his place is powerful, while his service is faithful, and his honour due in the desert of his employment. In sum, he is a fixed planet among the stars of the firmament, which, through the clouds in the air, shews the nature of his light.

AN UNWORTHY COUNSELLOR.

AN unworthy counsellor is the hurt of a king and the danger of a state, when the weakness of judgment may commit an error,

or the lack of care may give way to unhappiness : he is a wicked charm in the king's ear, a sword of terror in the advice of tyranny : his power is perilous in the partiality of will, and his heart full of hollowness in the protestation of love : hypocrisy cover of his counterfeit religion, and traitorous invention is the agent of his ambition : he is the cloud of darkness, that threateneth foul weather ; and if it grow to a storm, it is fearful where it falls : he is an enemy to God in the hate of grace, and worthy of death in disloyalty to his sovereign. In sum, he is an unfit person for the place of a counsellor, and an unworthy subject to look a king in the face.

A NOBLE MAN.

A NOBLE man is a mark of honour, where the eye of wisdom in the observation of desert sees the fruit of grace : he is the orient pearl that reason polisheth for the beauty of nature, and the diamond spark where divine grace gives virtue honour : he is the notebook of moral discipline, where the conceit of care may find the true courtier : he is the nurse of hospitality, the relief of necessity, the love of charity, and the life of bounty : he is learning's grace, and valour's fame, wisdom's fruit, and kindness' love : he is the true falcon that feeds on no carrion, the true horse that will be no hackney, the true dolphin that fears not the whale, and the true man of God, that fears not the devil. In sum, he is the darling of nature, in reason's philosophy ; the loadstar of light in love's astronomy, the ravishing sweet in the music of honour, and the golden number in grace's arithmetic.

AN UNNOBLE MAN.

AN un noble man is the grief of reason, when the title of honour is put upon the subject of disgrace ; when either the imperfection

of wit, or the folly of will, shews an unfitness in nature for the virtue of advancement: he is the eye of baseness, and spirit of grossness, and in the demean of rudeness the scorn of nobleness: he is a suspicion of a right generation in the nature of his disposition, and a miserable plague to a feminine patience: wisdom knows him not, and honour fits him not: prodigality or avarice are the notes of his inclination, and folly or mischief are the fruits of his invention. In sum, he is the shame of his name, the disgrace of his place, the blot of his title, and the ruin of his house.

A WORTHY BISHOP.

A WORTHY bishop is an ambassador from God unto man, in the midst of war to make a treaty of peace; who with a general pardon upon confession of sin, upon the fruits of repentance gives assurance of comfort: he brings tidings from heaven of happiness to the world, where the patience of mercy calls nature to grace: he is the silver trumpet in the music of love, where faith hath a life that never fails the beloved: he is the director of life in the laws of God, and the chirurgeon of the soul, in lancing the sores of sin, the terror of the reprobate, in pronouncing their damnation, and the joy of the faithful, in the assurance of their salvation. In sum, he is the nature of grace, worthy of honour, and in the message of life, worthy of love: a continual agent betwixt God and man, in the preaching of his word, and prayer for his people.

AN UNWORTHY BISHOP.

AN unworthy bishop is the disgrace of learning, when the want of reading, or the abuse of understanding, in the speech of error

may beget idolatry. He is God's enemy, in the hurt of his people, and his own woe, in abuse of the word of God: he is the shadow of a candle, that gives no light; or, if it be any, it is but to lead unto darkness: the sheep are unhappy that live in his fold, when they shall either starve, or feed on ill ground: he breeds a war in the wits of his audience, when his life is contrary to the nature of his instruction: he lives in a room, where he troubles a world, and in the shadow of a saint, is little better than a devil: he makes religion a cloak of sin, and with counterfeit humility, covereth incomparable pride: he robs the rich to relieve the poor, and makes fools of the wise with the imagination of his worth: he is all for the church, but nothing for God, and for the ease of nature, loseth the joy of reason. In sum, he is the picture of hypocrisy, the spirit of heresy, a wound in the church, and a woe in the world.

A WORTHY JUDGE.

A JUDGE is a doom, whose breath is mortal upon the breach of law, where criminal offences must be cut off from a commonwealth: he is a sword of justice in the hand of a king, and an eye of wisdom in the walk of a kingdom: his study is a square for the keeping of proportion betwixt command and obedience, that the king may keep his crown on his head, and the subject his head on his shoulders: he is feared but of the foolish, and cursed but of the wicked; but, of the wise honoured, and of the gracious beloved: he is a surveyor of rights, and revenger of wrongs, and in the judgment of truth, the honour of justice. In sum, his word is law, his power grace, his labour peace, and his desert honour.

AN UNWORTHY JUDGE.

AN unworthy judge is the grief of justice in the error of judgment, when, through ignorance, or will, the death of innocence lies

upon the breath of opinion : he is the disgrace of law, in the desert of knowledge, and the plague of power, in the misery of oppression : he is more moral, than divine, in the nature of policy, and more judicious, than just, in the carriage of his conceit : his charity is cold, when partiality is resolved, when the doom of life lies on the verdict of a jury ; with a stern look he frighteth an offender, and gives little comfort to a poor man's cause. The golden weight overweighs his grace, when angels play the devils in the hearts of his people. In sum, where Christ is preached he hath no place in the church, and in this kingdom, out of doubt, God will not suffer any such devil to bear sway.

A WORTHY KNIGHT.

A WORTHY knight is a spirit of proof, in the advancement of virtue, by the desert of honour, in the eye of majesty : in the field he gives courage to his soldiers, in the court grace to his followers, in the city reputation to his person, and in the country honour to his house. His sword and his horse make his way to his house, and his armour of best proof is an undaunted spirit : the music of his delight is the trumpet and the drum, and the paradise of his eye is an army defeated : the relief of the oppressed makes his conquest honourable, and the pardon of the submissive makes him famous in mercy : he is in nature mild, and in spirit stout, in reason judicious, and in all honourable. In sum, he is a yeoman's commander, and a gentleman's superior, a nobleman's companion, and a prince's worthy favourite.

AN UNWORTHY KNIGHT.

AN unworthy knight is the defect of nature in the title of honour, when to maintain valour, his spurs have no rowels, nor his

sword a point: his apparel is of proof, that may wear like his armour, or like an old ensign, that hath his honour in rags. It may be he is the tailor's trouble in fitting an ill shape, or a mercer's wonder in wearing of silk: in the court he stands for a cipher, and among ladies like an owl among birds: he is worshipped only for his wealth, and if he be of the first head, he shall be valued by his wit, when if his pride go beyond his purse, his title will be a trouble to him. In sum, he is the child of folly, and the man of Gotham, the blind man of pride, and the fool of imagination; but in the court of honour are no such apes, and I hope that this kingdom will breed no such asses.

A WORTHY GENTLEMAN.

A WORTHY gentleman is a branch of the tree of honour, whose fruits are the actions of virtue, as pleasing to the eye of judgment as tasteful to the spirit of understanding: whatsoever he doth it is not forced, except it be evil, which either through ignorance unwittingly, or through compulsion unwillingly, he falls upon: he is in nature kind, in demeanour courteous, in allegiance loyal, and in religion zealous, in service faithful, and in reward bountiful: he is made of no baggage stuff, nor for the wearing of base people; but is woven by the spirit of wisdom to adorn the court of honour: his apparel is more comely than costly, and his diet more wholesome than excessive, his exercise more healthful than painful, and his study more for knowledge than pride: his love not wanton, nor common, his gifts not niggardly, nor prodigal, and his carriage neither apish, nor sullen. In sum, he is an approver of his pedigree, by the nobleness of his passage, and, in the course of his life, an example to his posterity.

AN UNWORTHY GENTLEMAN.

AN unworthy gentleman is the scoff of wit and the scorn of honour, where more wealth than wit is worshipped of simplicity: who spends more in idleness, than would maintain thrift, or hides more in misery, than might purchase honour: whose delights are vanities, and whose pleasures fopperies, whose studies fables, and whose exercise worse than follies: his conversation is base, and his conference ridiculous, his affections ungracious, and his actions ignominious: his apparel out of fashion, and his diet out of order, his carriage out of square, and his company out of request. In sum, he is like a mongrel dog with a velvet collar, a cart-horse with a golden saddle, a buzzard-kite with a falcon's bells, or a baboon with a pied jerkin.

A WORTHY LAWYER.

A WORTHY lawyer is the student of knowledge, how to bring controversies into a conclusion of peace, and out of ignorance to gain understanding: he divides time into uses, and cases into constructions: he lays open obscurities, and is praised for the speech of truth, and in the court of conscience pleads much in *forma pauperis* for small fees: he is a mean for the preservation of titles, and the holding of possessions, and a great instrument of peace in the judgment of impartiality: he is the client's hope in his case's pleading, and his heart's comfort in a happy issue: he is the finder out of tricks in the craft of ill conscience, and the joy of the distressed in the relief of justice. In sum, he is a maker of peace among the spirits of contention, and a continuer of quiet in the execution of the law.

AN UNWORTHY LAWYER.

AN unlearned and unworthily called a lawyer, is the figure of a foot post, who carries letters, but knows not what is in them, only can read the superscriptions to direct them to their right owners. So trudgeth this simple clerk, that can scarce read a case when it is written, with his hand full of papers, from one court to another and from one counsellor's chambers to another, when by his good payment, for his pains, he will be so saucy as to call himself a solicitor; but what a taking are poor clients in, when this too much trusted cunning companion, better read in *Pierce Plowman* than in *Ployd*, and in the play of *Richard the Third* than in the pleas of *Edward the Fourth*, persuades them all is sure, when he is sure of all; and in what a misery are the poor men, when, upon a *Nihil dicit*, because indeed, this poor fellow, *Nihil potest dicere*, they are in danger of an execution before they know wherefore they are condemned: but I wish all such more wicked than witty, unlearned in the law and abusers of the same, to look a little better into their consciences, and to leave their crafty courses, lest when the law indeed lays them open, instead of carrying papers in their hands, they wear not papers on their heads, and instead of giving ear to their clients causes, or rather eyes into their purses, they have never an ear left to hear withal, nor good eye to see withal, or at least honest face to look out withal; but as the grasshoppers of Egypt be counted the caterpillars of England, and not the fox that stole the goose, but the great fox that stole the farm from the gander.

A WORTHY SOLDIER.

A WORTHY soldier is the child of valour, who was born for the service of necessity, and to bear the ensign of honour in the actions

of worth: he is the dyer of the earth with blood, and the ruin of the erections of pride: he is the watch of wit, in the advantage of time, and the executioner of wrath upon the wilful offender: he disputes questions with the point of a sword, and prefers death to indignities: he is a lion to ambition, and a lamb to submission: he hath hope fast by the hand, and treads upon the head of fear: he is the king's champion, and the kingdom's guard, peace's preserver, and rebellion's terror: he makes the horse trample at the sound of a trumpet, and leads on to a battle, as if he were going to a breakfast: he knows not the nature of cowardice, for his rest is set upon resolution: his strongest fortification is his mind, which beats off the assaults of idle humours; and his life is the passage of danger, where an undaunted spirit stoops to no fortune; with his arms he wins his arms, and by his desert in the field his honour in the court. In sum, in the truest manhood he is the true man, and in the creation of honour a most worthy creature.

AN UNTRAINED SOLDIER.

AN untrained soldier is like a young hound, that when he first falls to hunt, he knows not how to lay his nose to the earth: who having his name but in a book, and marched twice about a market-place, when he comes to a piece of service knows not how to bestow himself: he marches as if he were at plough, carries his pike like a pikestaff, and his sword before him, for fear of losing from his side: if he be a shot, he will be rather ready to say a grace over his piece, and so to discharge his hands of it, than to learn how to discharge it with a grace: he puts on his armour over his ears, like a waistcoat, and wears his morion like a nightcap; when he is quartered in the field he looks for his bed, and when he sees his provant he is ready to cry for his victuals; and ere he know

well where he is, wish heartily he were at home again, with hanging down his head, as if his heart were in his hose: sleep till a drum or a deadly bullet awake him, and so carry himself in all companies, that till martial discipline have seasoned his understanding, he is like a cipher among figures, an owl among birds, a wise man among fools, and a shadow among men.

A WORTHY PHYSICIAN.

A WORTHY physician is the enemy of sickness, in purging nature from corruption: his action is most in feeling of pulses, and his discourse chiefly of the natures of diseases: he is a great searcher out of simples, and accordingly makes his composition: he persuades abstinence and patience for the benefit of health; while purging and bleeding are the chief courses of his counsel: the apothecary and the chirurgeon are his two chief attendants, with whom conferring upon time, grows temperate in his cures; surfeits and wantonness are great agents for his employment, when by the secret of his skill, out of others' weakness he gathers his own strength. In sum, he is a necessary member for an unnecessary malady, to find a disease and to cure the diseased.

AN UNWORTHY PHYSICIAN.

AN unlearned, and so unworthy physician, is a kind of horse-leech, whose cure is most in drawing of blood, and a desperate purge, either to cure or kill, as it hits; his discourse is most of the cures that he hath done, and them afar off; and not a receipt under a hundred pounds, though it be not worth three-halfpence: upon the market-day he is much haunted with vernal, where if he find

any thing (though he know nothing) yet he will say somewhat, which if hit to some purpose, with a few fustian words, he will seem a piece of strange stuff: he is never without old merry tales, and stale jests to make old folks laugh, and comfits or plums in his pocket to please little children: yea, and he will be talking of complexions, though he know nothing of their dispositions; and if his medicine do a feat, he is a made man among fools; but being wholly unlearned, and oft times dishonest, let me thus briefly describe him: he is a plain kind of mountebank, and a true quack-salver, a danger for the sick to deal withal, and a dizard in the world to talk withal.

A WORTHY MERCHANT.

A WORTHY merchant is the heir of adventure, whose hopes hang much upon wind: upon a wooden horse he rides through the world, and in a merry gale makes a path through the seas: he is a discoverer of countries, and a finder out of commodities, resolute in his attempts, and royal in his expenses: he is the life of traffic and the maintainer of trade, the sailor's master, and the soldier's friend: he is the exercise of the exchange, the honour of credit, the observation of time, and the understanding of thrift: his study is number, his care his accounts, his comfort his conscience, and his wealth his good name: he fears no Scylla, and sails close by Charybdis, and having beaten out a storm, rides at rest in a harbour; by his sea gain, he makes his land purchase, and by the knowledge of trade, finds the key of treasure: out of his travels he makes his discourses, and from his eye-observations brings the models of architectures; he plants the earth with foreign fruits, and knows at home what is good abroad: he is neat in apparel, modest in demeanour, dainty in diet, and civil in his carriage. In sum, he is the pillar of a city, the enricher of a country, the furnisher of a court, and the worthy servant of a king.

AN UNWORTHY MERCHANT.

AN unworthy merchant is a kind of pedlar, who (with the help of a broker) gets more by his wit, than by his honesty: he doth sometime use to give out money to gamesters, be paid in post upon a hand at dice; sometime he gains more by baubles than better stuffs, and rather than fail, will adventure a false oath for a fraudulent gain: he deals with no wholesale, but all his honesty is at one word; as for wares and weights he knows how to hold the balance, and for his conscience, he is not ignorant what to do with it: his travel is most by land, for he fears to be too busy with water, and whatsoever his ware be, he will be sure of his money: the most of his wealth is in a pack of trifles, and for his honesty, I dare not pass my word for him; if he be rich, 'tis ten to one of his pride, and if he be poor, he breaks without his fast. In sum, he is the disgrace of a merchant, the dishonour of a city, the discredit of his parish, and the dislike of all.

A GOOD MAN.

A good man is an image of God, lord over all his creatures, and created only for his service: he is made capable of reason, to know the properties of nature, and by the inspiration of grace, to know things supernatural: he hath a face always to look upward, and a soul that gives life to all the senses: he lives in the world as a stranger, while heaven is the home of his spirit: his life is but the labour of the sense, and his death the way to his rest: his study is the word of truth, and his delight is in the law of love: his provision is but to serve necessity, and his care the exercise of charity: he is more conversant with the divine prophets than the world's profits, and makes the joy of his soul in the tidings of his salvation: he is wise in the best wit, and wealthy in the richest treasure:

his hope is but the comfort of mercy, and his fear but the hurt of sin: pride is the hate of his soul, and patience the worker of his peace: his guide is the wisdom of grace, and his travel but to the heavenly Jerusalem. In sum, he is the elect of God, the blessing of grace, the seed of love, and the fruit of life.

AN ATHEIST, OR MOST BAD MAN.

AN atheist is a figure of desperation, who dare do any thing, even to his soul's damnation: he is in nature a dog, in wit an ass, in passion a bedlam, and in action a devil: he makes sin a jest, grace an humour, truth a fable, and peace a cowardice: his horse is his pride, his sword is his castle, his apparel his riches, and his punk his paradise: he makes robbery his purchase, lechery his solace, mirth his exercise, and drunkenness his glory: he is the danger of society, the love of vanity, the hate of charity, and the shame of humanity: he is God's enemy, his parents' grief, his country's plague, and his own confusion: he spoils that is necessary, and spends that is needless: he spites at the gracious, and spurns at the godly: the tavern is his palace, and his belly is his God; a whore is his mistress, and the devil is his master: oaths are his graces, wounds his badges; shifts are his practices, and beggary his payments: he knows no God, nor thinks of heaven, but walks through the world as a devil towards hell: virtue knows him not, honesty finds him not, wisdom loves him not, and honour regards him not: he is but the cutler's friend, and the chirurgeon's agent, the thief's companion, and the hangman's benefactor: he was begotten untimely, and born unhappily, lives ungraciously, and dies unchristianly: he is of no religion, nor good fashion, hardly good complexion, and most vile in condition. In sum, he is a monster among men, a Jew among Christians, a fool among wise men, and a devil among saints.

A WISE MAN.

A WISE man is a clock that never strikes but at his hour, or rather like a dial, that being set right with the sun, keeps his true course in his compass. So the heart of a wise man, set in the course of virtue by the spirit of grace, runs the course of life in the compass of eternal comfort: he measureth time, and tempereth nature, employeth reason, and commandeth sense: he hath a deaf ear to the charmer, a close mouth to the slanderer, an open hand to charity, and an humble mind to piety: observation and experience are his reason's labours, and patience with conscience are the lines of his love's measure, contemplation and meditation are his spirit's exercise, and God and his word are the joy of his soul: he knows not the pride of prosperity, nor the misery of adversity, but takes the one as the day, the other as the night: he knows no fortune, but builds all upon providence, and through the hope of faith, hath a fair aim at heaven: his words are weighed with judgment, and his actions are the examples of honour: he is fit for the seat of authority, and deserves the reverence of subjection: he is precious in the counsel of a king, and mighty in the sway of a kingdom. In sum, he is God's servant, and the world's master, a stranger upon earth, and a citizen in heaven.

A FOOL.

A FOOL is the abortive of wit, where nature had more power than reason, in bringing forth the fruit of imperfection; his actions are most in extremes, and the scope of his brain is but ignorance: only nature hath taught him to feed, and use to labour without

knowledge: he is a kind of shadow of a better substance, or like the vision of a dream, that yields nothing awake: he is commonly known by one of two special names, derived from their qualities, as, from wilful Will Fool, and Hodge from hodge-podge; all meats are alike, all are one to a fool: his exercises are commonly divided into four parts, eating and drinking, sleeping and laughing: for these are his chief loves; a bauble, and a bell, coxcomb, and a pied coat: he was begotten in unhappiness, born to no goodness, lives but in beastliness, and dies but in forgetfulness. In sum, he is the shame of nature, the trouble of wit, the charge of charity, and the loss of liberality.

AN HONEST MAN.

AN honest man is like a plain coat, which, without welt or guard, keepeth the body from wind and weather, and being well made, fits him best that wears it; and where the stuff is more regarded than the fashion, there is not much ado in the putting of it on; so the mind of an honest man, without tricks or compliments, keeps the credit of a good conscience from the scandal of the world, and the worm of iniquity; which, being wrought by the workman of Heaven, fits him best that wears it to his service: and, where virtue is more esteemed than vanity, it is put on and worn with that ease that shews the excellency of the workman. His study is virtue, his word truth, his life the passage of patience, and his death the rest of his spirit: his travail is a pilgrimage, his way is plainness, his pleasure peace, and his delight is love: his care is his conscience, his wealth is his credit, his charge is his charity, and his content is his kingdom. In sum, he is a diamond among jewels, a phoenix among birds, an unicorn among beasts, and a saint among men.

A KNAVE.

A KNAVE is the scum of wit, and the scorn of reason, the hate of wisdom, and the dishonour of humanity: he is the danger of society, and the hurt of amity, the infection of youth, and the corruption of age: he is a traitor to affiance, and abuse to employment, and a rule of villainy in a plot of mischief: he hath a cat's eye, and a bear's paw, a syren's tongue, and a serpent's sting: his words are lies, his oaths perjuries, his studies subtilties, and his practices villainies; his wealth is his wit, his honour is his wealth, his glory is his gain, and his god is his gold: he is no man's friend, and his own enemy; cursed on earth, and banished from heaven: he was begotten ungraciously, born untimely, lives dishonestly, and dies shamefully: his heart is a puddle of poison, his tongue a sting of iniquity, his brain a distiller of deceit, and his conscience a compass of hell. In sum, he is a dog in disposition, a fox in wit, a wolf in his prey, and a devil in his pride.

AN USURER.

AN usurer is a figure of misery, who hath made himself a slave to his money: his eye is closed from pity, and his hand from charity, his ear from compassion, and his heart from piety: while he lives he is the hate of a Christian, and when he dies he goes with horror to Hell: his study is sparing, and his care is getting, his fear is wanting, and his death is losing: his diet is either fasting or poor fare, his clothing the hangman's wardrobe, his house the receptacle of thievery, and his music the chinking of his money: he is a kind of canker, that, with the teeth of interest, eats the hearts of the poor, and a venomous fly, that sucks out the blood of any flesh.

that he lights on. In sum, he is a servant of dross, a slave to misery, an agent for hell, and a devil in the world.

A BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR is the child of idleness, whose life is a resolution of ease, his travel is most in the highways, and his rendezvous is commonly in an alehouse: his study is to counterfeit impotency, and his practice to cozen simplicity of charity; the juice of the malt is the liquor of his life, and at bed and at board a louse is his companion: he fears no such enemy as a constable, and being acquainted with the stocks, must visit them as he goes by them: he is a drone that feeds upon the labours of the bee, and unhappily begotten, that is born for no goodness: his staff and his scrip are his walking furniture, and what he lacks in meat he will have out in drink: he is a kind of caterpillar that spoils much good fruit, and an unprofitable creature to live in a commonwealth: he is seldom handsome, and often noisome, always troublesome, and never welcome: he prays for all, and preys upon all; begins with blessing, but ends often with cursing: if he have a licence he shews it with a grace, but if he have none, he is submissive to the ground: sometime he is a thief, but always a rogue, and in the nature of his profession the shame of humanity. In sum, he is commonly begot in a bush, born in a barn, lives in a highway, and dies in a ditch.

A VIRGIN.

A VIRGIN is the beauty of nature, where the spirit gracious makes the creature glorious: she is the love of virtue, the honour of reason, the grace of youth, and the comfort of age: her study is

holiness, her exercise goodness, her grace humility, and her love is charity: her countenance is modesty, her speech is truth, her wealth grace, and her fame constancy: her virtue continence, her labour patience, her diet abstinence, and her care conscience: her conversation heavenly, her meditations angel-like, her prayers devout, and her hopes divine: her parents' joy, her kindreds' honour, her country's fame, and her own felicity: she is the blessed of the highest, and the nearest to the best: she is of creatures the rarest, of women the chiefest, of nature the purest, and of wisdom the choicest: her life is a pilgrimage, her death but a passage, her description a wonder, and her name an honour. In sum, she is the daughter of glory, the mother of grace, the sister of love, and the beloved of life.

A WANTON WOMAN.

A WANTON woman is the figure of imperfection, in nature an ape, in quality a wagtail, in countenance a witch, and in condition a kind of devil: her beck is a net, her word a charm, her look an illusion, and her company a confusion: her life is the play of idleness, her diet the excess of dainties, her love the change of vanities, and her exercise the invention of follies: her pleasures are fancies, her studies fashions, her delight colours, and her wealth her clothes: her care is to deceive, her comfort her company, her house is vanity, and her bed is ruin, her discourses are fables, her vows dissimulations, her conceits subtleties, and her contents varieties: she would she knows not what, and spends she cares not what, she spoils she sees not what, and doth she thinks not what: she is youth's plague, and age's purgatory, time's abuse, and reason's trouble. In sum, she is a spice of madness, a spark of mischief, a touch of poison, and a fear of destruction.

A QUIET WOMAN.

A QUIET woman is like a still wind, which neither chills the body, nor blows dust in the face: her patience is a virtue that wins the heart of love, and her wisdom makes her wit well worthy regard: she fears God and flieth sin, sheweth kindness and loveth peace: her tongue is tied to discretion, and her heart is the harbour of goodness: she is a comfort of calamity, and in prosperity a companion, a physician in sickness, and a musician in help: her ways are the walk toward Heaven, and her guide is the grace of the Almighty: she is her husband's down-bed, where his heart lies at rest, and her childrens' glass in the notes of her grace; her servants' honour in the keeping of her house, and her neighbour's example in the notes of a good nature: she scorns fortune, and loves virtue, and out of thrift gathereth charity: she is a turtle in her love, a lamb in her meekness, a saint in her heart, and an angel in her soul. In sum, she is a jewel unprizeable, and a joy unspeakable; a comfort in nature incomparable, and a wife in the world unmatchable.

AN UNQUIET WOMAN.

AN unquiet woman is the misery of man, whose demeanour is not to be described but in extremities: her voice is the shrieking of an owl, her eye the poison of a cockatrice, her hand the claw of a crocodile, and her heart a cabinet of horror: she is the grief of nature, the wound of wit, the trouble of reason, and the abuse of time: her pride is unsupportable, her anger unquenchable, her will unsatisfiable, and her malice unmatchable: she fears no colours, she cares for no counsel, she spares no persons, nor respects any time: her command is *must*, her reason *will*, her resolution *shall*, and her

satisfaction so: she looks at no law, and thinks of no lord; admits no command, and keeps no good order: she is a cross, but not of Christ; and a word, but not of grace; a creature, but not of wisdom; and a servant, but not of God. In sum, she is the seed of trouble, the fruit of travail, the taste of bitterness, and the digestion of death.

A GOOD WIFE.

A good wife is a world of wealth, where just cause of content makes a kingdom in conceit: she is the eye of wariness, the tongue of silence, the hand of labour, and the heart of love: a companion of kindness, a mistress of passion, an exercise of patience, and an example of experience: she is the kitchen physician, the chamber comfort, the hall's care, and the parlour's grace; she is the dairy's neatness, the brew-house's wholesomeness, the garner's provision, and the garden's plantation: her voice is music, her countenance meekness, her mind virtuous, and her soul gracious: she is her husband's jewel, her childrens' joy, her neighbours' love, and her servants' honour: she is poverty's prayer, and charity's praise, religion's love, and devotion's zeal: she is a care of necessity, and a course of thrift, a book of housewifery, and a mirror of modesty. In sum, she is God's blessing, and man's happiness, earth's honour, and Heaven's creature.

AN EFFEMINATE FOOL.

An effeminate fool is the figure of a baby: he loves nothing but gay, to look in a glass, to keep among wenches, and to play with trifles: to feed on sweet meats, and to be danced in laps, to be embraced in arms, and to be kissed on the cheek: to talk jollily,

to look demurely, to go nicely, and to laugh continually: to be his mistress's servant, and her maid's master, his father's love, and his mother's non-child: to play on a fiddle, and sing a love song, to wear sweet gloves, and look on fine things: to make purposes, and write verses, devise riddles, and tell lies: to follow plays, and study dances, to hear news, and buy trifles: to sigh for love, and weep for kindness, and mourn for company, and be sick for fashion: to ride in a coach, and gallop a hackney, to watch all night, and sleep out the morning: to lie on a bed, and take tobacco, and to send his page of an idle message to his mistress: to go upon gigs, to have his ruffs set in print, to pick his teeth, to play with a puppet. In sum, he is a man-child, and a woman's man, a gaze of folly, and wisdom's grief.

A PARASITE.

A PARASITE is the image of iniquity, who for the gain of dross, is devoted to all villainy: he is a kind of thief in committing of burglary, when he breaks into houses with his tongue, and picks pockets with his flattery: his face is brazed that he cannot blush, and his hands are limed to catch hold what he can light on: his tongue is a bell (but not of the church, except it be the devil's) to call his parish to his service: he is sometimes a pander to carry messages of ill meetings, and perhaps hath some eloquence to persuade sweetness in sin: he is like a dog at a door, while the devils dance in the chamber, or like a spider in the house-top, that lives on the poison below: he is the hate of honesty, and the abuse of beauty, the spoil of youth, and the misery of age. In sum, he is a danger in a court, a cheater in a city, a jester in the country, and a jackanapes in all.

A BAWD.

A BAWD is a kind of woman beast, who having lost the honour of her virginity in her youth, means to go to hell in her age: she is dangerous among young people, for fear of the infection of the falling sickness, and not to teach children to spell, lest she learn them too soon to put together: she is partly a surgeon, but most for the allaying of swellings in the lower parts, and hath commonly a charm to conjure the devil into hell: she grieves at nothing more than at disability to sin, and is never so merry as when she is persuaded to be young: she fears nothing more than the cart, and cares for nothing but ease, and loves a cup of sack and a pot of ale almost as well as the hope of her salutation: she is much subject to sore eyes and ill teeth with sitting up late, and feeding on sweet things: she is a gossip at a child-birth, where her mirth is a bawdy tale; and a matron in an hospital to see young wenches well set to work. In sum, she is the loathsomeness of nature, the hate of virtue, the spoil of wealth, and the ruin of maidenheads.

A DRUNKARD.

A DRUNKARD is a noun adjective, for he cannot stand alone by himself: yet in his greatest weakness, a great trier of strength, whether health or sickness will have the upper hand in a surfeit: he is a spectacle of deformity, and a shame of humanity, a view of sin, and a grief of nature: he is the annoyance of modesty, and the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth, and the spite of reason: he is only the brewer's agent, and the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, and the constable's trouble: he is his wife's woe,

his children's sorrow, his neighbours' scoff, and his own shame. In sum, he is a tub of swill, a spirit of sleep, a picture of a beast, and a monster of a man.

A COWARD.

A COWARD is the child of fear : he was begotten in cold blood, when nature had much ado to make up a creature like a man : his life is a kind of sickness, which breeds a kind of palsy in the joints, and his death the terror of his conscience, with the extreme weakness of his faith : he loves peace as his life, for he fears a sword in his soul : if he cut his finger, he looketh presently for the sign, and if his head ache, he is ready to make his will : a report of a cannon strikes him flat on his face, and a clap of thunder makes him a strange *metamorphosis* : rather than he will fight he will be beaten, and if his legs will help him, he will put his arms to no trouble : he makes love commonly with his purse, and brags most of his maidenhead : he will not marry but into a quiet family, and not too fair a wife to avoid quarrels : if his wife frown upon him he sighs, and if she give him an unkind word he weeps : he loves not the horns of a bull, nor the paws of a bear ; and if a dog bark he will not come near the house : if he be rich he is afraid of thieves, and if he be poor he will be slave to a beggar. In sum, he is the shame of manhood, the disgrace of nature, the scorn of reason, and the hate of honour.

AN HONEST POOR MAN.

AN honest poor man is the proof of misery, where patience is put to the trial of her strength to endure grief without passion, in starving with concealed necessity, or standing in the adventures of

charity: if he be married, want rings in his ears, and woe watereth his eyes: if single, he droopeth with the shame of beggary, or dies with the passion of penury: of the rich he is shunned like infection, and of the poor learns but a heart-breaking profession: his bed is the earth, and the heaven is his canopy, the sun is his summer's comfort, and the moon is his winter's candle: his sighs are the notes of his music, and his song is like the swan before her death: his study is patience, and his exercise prayer: his diet the herbs of the earth, and his drink the water of the river: his travel is the walk of the woeful, and his horse *Bayard* of ten toes: his apparel but the clothing of nakedness, and his wealth but the hope of heaven: he is a stranger in the world, for no man craves his acquaintance, and his funeral is without ceremony, when there is no mourning for the miss of him; yet may he be in the state of election, and in the life of love, and more rich in grace than the greatest of the world. In sum, he is the grief of nature, the sorrow of reason, the pity of wisdom, and the charge of charity.

A JUST MAN.

A just man is the child of truth, begotten by virtue and kindness, when nature, in the temper of the spirit, made even the balance of indifferency: his eye is clear from blindness, and his hand from bribery, his will from wilfulness, and his heart from wickedness: his word and deed are all one; his life shews the nature of his love, his care is the charge of his conscience, and his comfort the assurance of his salutation: in the seat of justice he is the grace of the law, and in the judgment of right the honour of reason: he fears not the power of authority to equal justice with mercy, and joys but in the judgment of grace to see the execution of justice: his judgment is worthy of honour, and his wisdom is

gracious in truth : his honour is famous in virtue, and his virtue is precious in example. In sum, he is a spirit of understanding, a brain of knowledge, a heart of wisdom, and a soul of blessedness.

A REPENTANT SINNER.

A REPENTANT sinner is the child of grace, who being born for the service of God, makes no reckoning of the mastership of the world ; yet doth he glorify God in the beholding of his creatures, and in giving praise to his holy name in the admiration of his workmanship : he is much of the nature of an angel, who being sent into the world but to do the will of his master, is ever longing to be at home with his fellows : he desires nothing but that is necessary, and delighteth in nothing that is transitory, but contemplates more than he can conceive, and meditates only upon the word of the Almighty : his senses are the triers of his spirit, while, in the course of nature, his soul can find no rest : he shakes off the rags of sin, and is clothed with the robe of virtue : he puts off Adam, and puts on Christ : his heart is the anvil of truth, where the brain of his wisdom beats the thoughts of his mind, till they be fit for the service of his Maker : his labour is the travel of love, by the rule of grace to find the highway to heaven : his fear is greater than his love of the world, and his love is greater than his fear of God. In sum, he is in the election of love, in the book of life, an angel incarnate, and a blessed creature.

A REPROBATE.

A REPROBATE is the child of sin, who being born for the service of the devil, cares not what villainy he does in the world : his

wit is always in amaze, for his courses are ever out of order, and while his will stands for his wisdom, the best that falls out of him is a fool: he betrays the trust of the simple, and sucks out the blood of the innocent: his breath is the fume of blasphemy, and his tongue the fire-brand of hell: his desires are the traps to damnation: he bathes in the blood of murder, and sups up the broth of iniquity: he frighteth the eyes of the godly, and disturbeth the hearts of the religious: he marreth the wits of the wise, and is hateful to the souls of the gracious. In sum, he is an inhuman creature, a fearful companion, a man monster, and a devil incarnate.

AN OLD MAN.

AN old man is the declaration of time in the defect of nature, and the imperfection of sense in the use of reason. He is in the observation of time a calendar of experience, but in the power of action he is a blank among lots: he is the subject of weakness, the agent of sickness, the displeasure of life, and the forerunner of death: he is twice a child, and half a man, a living picture, and a dying creature: he is a blown bladder, that is only stuffed with wind, and a withered tree, that hath lost the sap of the root; or an old lute with strings all broken, or a ruined castle that is ready to fall: he is the eye-sore of youth, and the jest of love; and in the fulness of infirmity, the mirror of misery. Yet, in the honour of wisdom, he may be gracious in gravity, and in the government of justice deserve the honour of reverence: yea, his words may be notes for the use of reason, and his actions examples for the imitation of discretion. In sum, in whatsoever state, he is but as the snuff of a candle, that, pink it never so long, it will out at last.

A YOUNG MAN.

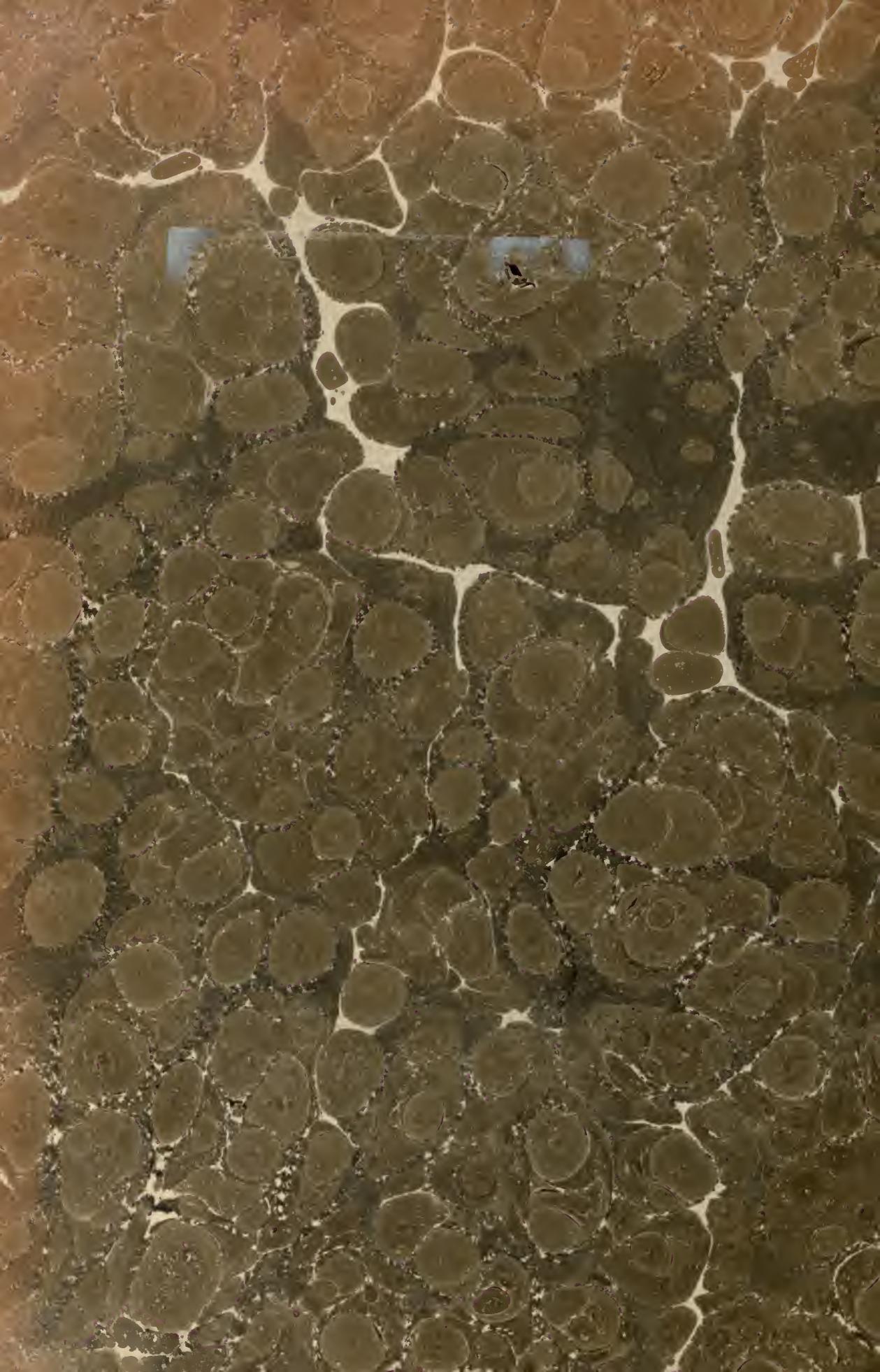
A YOUNG man is the spring of time, when nature in her pride shews her beauty to the world. He is the delight of the eye, and the study of the mind, the labour of instruction, and the pupil of reason: his wit is in making or marring, his wealth in gaining or losing, his honour in advancing or declining, and his life in abridging or increasing: he is a bloom, that either is blasted in the bud, or grows to a good fruit, or a bird that dies in the nest, or lives to make use of her wings: he is a colt that must have a bridle, ere he be well managed, and a falcon that must be well maned, or he will never be reclaimed: he is the darling of nature, and the charge of reason, the exercise of patience, and the hope of charity: his exercise is either study or action, and his study either knowledge or pleasure: his disposition gives a great note of his generation, and yet his breeding may either better or worse him, though to wash a blackmoor white be the loss of labour, and what is bred in the bone will never out of the flesh. In sum, till experience have seasoned his understanding, he is rather a child than a man, a prey of flattery, or a praise of providence, in the way of grace to prove a saint, or in the way of sin to grow a devil.

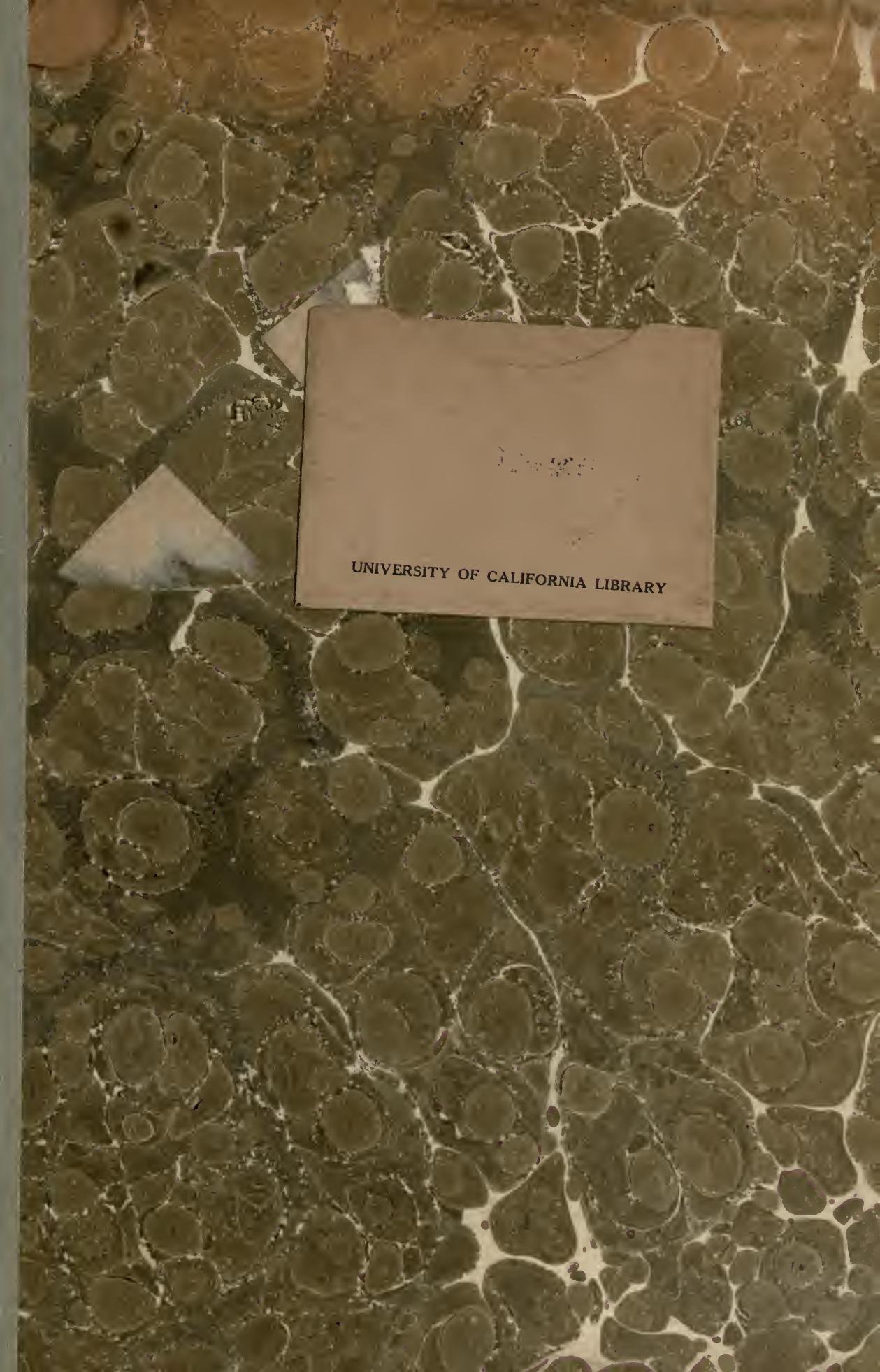
A HOLY MAN.

A HOLY man is the chiefest creature in the workmanship of the world. He is the highest in the election of love, and the nearest to the image of the human nature of his Maker. He is served of all the creatures in the earth, and created but for the service of his Creator: he is capable of the course of nature, and by the rule of observation finds the art of reason: his senses are

but servants to his spirit, which is guided by a power above himself: his time is only known to the eye of the Almighty, and what he is in his most greatness is as nothing but in his mercy: he makes law by the direction of life, and lives but in the mercy of love: he treads upon the face of the earth, till in the same substance he be trod upon, though his soul, that gave life to his senses, live in heaven till the resurrection of his flesh. He hath an eye to look upward towards grace, while labour is only the punishment of sin: his faith is the hand of his soul, which layeth hold on the promise of mercy: his patience the tenure of the possession of his soul, his charity the rule of his life, and his hope the anchor of his salvation. His study is the state of obedience, and his exercise the continuance of prayer; his life but a passage to a better, and his death the rest of his labours. His heart is a watch to his eye, his wit a door to his mouth, his soul a guard to his spirit, and his limbs but labourers for his body. In sum, he is ravished with divine love, hateful to the nature of sin, troubled with the vanities of the world, and longing for his joy but in heaven.

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